

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

AND FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND MANUFACTURERS' ADVOCATE.

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THE BELMONT CHRONICLE,

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summer's day. It was the time when the pure
springs of nature had not been wasted among
the fields and the cold; it was a golden season
when trust is the companion of truth; it was
the first harvest which garners into the
bosom those thoughts and emotions amid
which, as on a bed of flowers, "hope clings
feeding like a bee." The heart of Jennie
was as deeply stirred, but her soul was more
serene than mine.

There was fearful storm in Europe. I heard
of grim tyrants sitting on thrones, from which
they gave their commands to armies, which
marched to the east and the west, and tore
up the vineyards, and trod down the gardens,
and blotted out the peace of the world. Anon,
these came rumors of a mighty host that had
marched away in the north and glotted with its
blood the Russian snows.

Then there came a strong ambition into
my mind. My blood became hot. A calamity
frenzy filled my brain. The name of
Glorious France filled these madgers in the
imaginations. I would carry a flag to one of
those armies. I would mix in the crimson
throng. I would myself bear a sword amid
those forests of flashing steel.

And I told this to my Jennie. I thought
she would certainly bless me as a hero. I
thought she would bind a scarf about my
waist, and bid me "Go where glory awaits
thee," if I still remember her. But when I
said I should leave her a while, and come
back with honor and pride and the memory
of brave acts and the congratulations of a
breast that never knew fear, she became pale
and looked at me sorrowfully, and fell upon
my neck weeping most bitterly. I asked
her why she could grieve, and said the danger
was one chance among innumerable proba-
bilities of success. But she only sobbed and
trembled, and pressed me to her bosom, and
prayed me not to go.

I reasoned with Jennie. I tried to per-
suade her of the glory of the war. I told her
how much more worthy of love she would think
me when I came adorned with laurels.
(Oh how green are the leaves that bloom
from slaughter.) I said her image would be my
companion—her voice would be my vesper
bell—her smile my star of the morning.
Her face the mercy that would shield me from
every danger. She listened with suspended
sobs, and trembled, and all the while her eyes
were appealing to my own, and penetrating
to my heart to invoke its faith, that I might
not tempt misfortune to blight the early
bride of our hearts.

When I had done, her answer was as if I
had not spoken, for still she only said I must
not go. She gave no more reasons now.
And I—did I deserve her love, when I thought
that explaining and persuading were answers to
the pleading tears and swelling bosom, and
quivering frame and speaking eyes of that
mild Niobe, shaken by her mournful fears?
"You will be changed when you return,"
she said.

I change? I knew I could not change.
Why should Jennie doubt my truth? I would
prove it. My mind was fixed. My fancy
was flushed by ambitious anticipations. I re-
solved to leave. Jennie at length, when her
entreaties failed, reproached me, but so gently
that her very upbraiding seemed like a ben-
ediction. And so it was. It was not even
the selfishness of affection. It was a pure,
tender, earnest solicitude. She told me I
was breaking faith with her, in thus going
away to engage in war. Was it for this
she had become the affianced of my heart?
Was it for this she had pledged her love
with every sacred vow, to answer mine?
Was it for this that I should take my hand
from the pleasant cares of peace to corrupt
it in the villainies of war—that I should ride
over the harvests of the poor, and carouse in
the glare of their burning homes, and see sweet
babes made fatherless, and wives bereaved,
and brides made desolate in the world? Oh,
no. It was I that broke my pledge. I was
not true to my early vow. I was not all for
her. I had made a new idol for my heart.
I had declared I would never cause any sor-
row to her, by denying to her love one of its
earnest wishes. And now I was doing this.
I was making her grieve. I was risking the
leaving her desolate to the end of her days.
For the sake of what? For the sake of a
soldier's ambition. Ambition; as though to
wear the grey hairs of a good old man were
not a nobler boast than to die in a trench, or
live, shuddering with the memory of carnage
and fire and blood, and all the nameless hor-
rors of war.

I cannot tell all the sorrows of that parting.
An infatuation burned in my head and blinded
me. At length I went. Jennie's last
blessing upbraided me more deeply than her
first reproach. When she knew that I should
go, she said not one more desponding word,
and then I felt how gentle she was in
sorrow, as she was serene in her days of joy.
But I comforted myself. I decided that Jen-
nie, good as she was, dear, loving, noble,
could not comprehend the idea of patriotism.
And once a thought of falsehood crossed my
mind. I reflected that I had never tried her;
she might not be true to the absent; it would
be good to test her faith.

And so I went. Let me forget the horrors
and crimes of that long adventure. Instead
of two years, I was away seven and from the
first I was sick, rambling, and from the
memory recalled me to the thought of
love. And then Jennie's reproaches rise
up in judgment against me. I was long lost
to her during the confusion of that terrible
campaign. A solid continent now lay be-
tween us, and now an ocean. I heard not of
her during four years. Ah, she has forgotten
said I, the fiery, willful one to whom she gave
her early love.

At length I returned, but I was not he
whom she had said that sweet and dear fare-
well. I was maimed, mutilated, disfigured—
a cripple—an object. I came home with a
feet filled half with trophies—half with lim-
less, sightless remnants of a glorious war.
But then it was a glorious war. Year in
twenty years the earth had been dyed with the

blood of six millions of men. What a mis-
erable thing—the relic of a man—I looked
when, in the sunny summer, we bore down
the Channel. I already looked upon Jennie
as lost. I had not falsified my pledge—yet,
had I not broken my own faith in doubting
her's? Could I ask her to take, instead of
the many figure she had last seen, a wretch-
ed creature such as I then was?

I had feelings of honor—naval honor—hon-
or that blooms on the drum-head—honor that
struts about in a red sash and feathered hat.
I would release her! As though love were
an attorney's bond. As though a pen full of
ink could blot out the eternal record of a
heart's first faithful affection. I wrote to her.
I said I heard she was unmarried still. I had
come home. I was also unmarried; but I
was maimed, disfigured, and I was an object
to look at. I had no right to insist on
my contract. I would not force myself upon
her. I would spare her feelings. I would
not extort a final ratification of her promise.
I loved her still, and would always with ten-
derness remember her; but I was bound to
release her—she was free!

Free! Free by virtue of a written lease.
Free by one line, when the intervening me-
moirs of a life's long faith were bound about
her heart; when every root of affection that
had struck into her bosom had sprung up with
new blossoms of hope to adorn the visionary
future. Free by my honorable conduct—
when she cherished as on an altar the flames
of her vestal love, made fragrant by purity
and trust.

Her letter was not like mine. It was quick,
passionate, burning with affection. It began
with a reproach, and the reproach was blot-
ted with a tear. It ended with a blessing,
and a tear made the blessing sacred too. Let
me come to her. Let her see my face. Let
her embrace me. Let me never leave her
more; and she would soothe me for all the
pains I had endured. Not a word of her own
sorrows.

Scarcely could that happiness be real. And
had my long absence, had my miserable dis-
asters made no change? Was I still for Jen-
nie, the beloved of other days?
"What did you tell her?" said I to my con-
fidential comrade, the one-eyed commodore,
a bluff old hero, with as warm a heart as
ever beat under gold buttons. He had taken
my letter and brought back Jennie's answer.
"I said you were a wreck," he said.
"And what did she say? Did she shudder
at my version?"

"No," she sobbed and cried and asked me
if you were injured much, and said you must
have suffered bitterly; but she said—too, that
you must come to her. Miss, I said, he is so
knocked about that you won't know him. He
frighten you. He's a ruin. He has hardly
any body left. And then she dashed to the
brow. "Give him that," she cried, and
told him to come. If he has enough body
left to hold his soul, I'll cling to him!"

And where, in tale or song, in history or
fable, is an answer recorded, of more heroic
bravery? What had I to teach her of honor?
Hers was the honor of the heart—the truth
of the soul—the fidelity and love of a woman,
born to bless this world. Mine was an honor
like a feather in a cocked hat—like an epau-
let—like a spur. It was regulation honor—
honor by the rules of "the service." Jen-
nie's was better than mine.

I lived with her near the old place. And
my wife, the love of my early days, was still
the fond Jennie—gentle, tender, trustful—
and from that day I buried my ideas of the
pride of war.

Jennie was my only glory, and she was
faithful to me forever.

FRANK'S SISTER LUCY.

In turning over the contents of my trunk
that night—the first of my banishment, as I
deemed it, from home—I put my hand on a
small square parcel, sealed, and directed to
me in the handwriting of my sister. Wonder-
ing what proof of Lucy's kindness it could
contain, I broke the seals. It was my pocket
Bible—that Bible in which my mother, only
a few weeks before her death, had written
me, out of which she had read to me, and
which, with her last laboring breath, she had
entrusted to me to study. That Bible had
accompanied me to school, and it had been
preserved by me as a relic of a mother's love—
a trifle, valuable on that account, but prized
for no other reason. It was long since I
had opened it, and with some degree of
reverence at Lucy's officiousness, I tossed it
carelessly aside. It opened, and a small note
dropped out from between its leaves.

My curiosity was again roused, and I
opened the note. Not much was written on
that small sheet of paper, but the few words
it contained were full of affection; they were
"right words." They were to the follow-
ing effect:

"Dear Brother—My only brother Frank:
Do not be angry with me, your dear and only
sister, for writing these few lines. I must
tell you how dearly I love you, and how
sorry how very sorry I am at your leaving
home. But I hope it is for the best, and that
you will be glad some day that this has hap-
pened; and if you are, I am sure I shall be.
It does not become me, who am so much
younger than you, to give you advice; but
will you grant me a great favor? I want you
to read the Bible. I have read it very much
of late, Frank; and O, if you knew how
much happiness I have found in doing so, I
am sure you would read it too.

"Our dear mother has gone to heaven,
Frank. I wish to meet her there, and to be
with Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, to cast
myself at his feet, and tell him how much I
love him for dying for me. And O, Frank,
read Frank! I want you to be there too, and
papa, and aunt Rebecca, and all—that I
love. Sometimes it makes me very sad, and
fear that we shall not all be there at last; I
cannot bear the thought; and then I pray, O,
that I may be there. O, Frank! if you would
read the Bible, and go to Jesus and pray
to him, you do not know how happy it would
make you; for he has said, 'Him that cometh

to me, I will in no wise cast out.' Only to
think of having your sins pardoned, and being
made fit for heaven, that glorious happy place!
I will not say any more. Do not be angry
with me for what I have written, for I am,
indeed,

"Your very loving sister, Lucy."
After reading this note, I sat for some time
like one stupefied. "So—so," I said at last,
or at least so I thought to myself; "I thought
there was something old about Lucy of late;
and this is it—she is becoming religious.
Well, and I am glad of it, too. I half wish I
were—but—"

Then my thoughts wandered back to my
mother, and her last words again came to
mind. I threw myself on my bed, in the bit-
terness of self-reproach. What a despicable
thing I had become, and how much wretch-
edness I had brought upon my father, and to
the home which I had left, by not obeying
the commands of my mother.

O, the trouble that sin brings; and O, its
deceitfulness, too. "Well, well," I contin-
ued to muse, "I will reform; I will do as Lucy
wishes me. I will see what can be done."
I undressed myself, laid my head upon the
pillow, and sunk to sleep. The Bible remain-
ed unopened; and the next morning, smiling
at the conflict of the preceding night, I put
back the book into my trunk.

Let me stop here in my own history to say
something about my sister Lucy.
I have before mentioned that she was very
affectionate and very docile; and that thence
the education of her childhood had not been
so painfully carried on as, under the strict
eye of Aunt Rebecca, might have been ex-
pected. There was one element, however,
in which that education had been lamentably
deficient, as well as exceedingly erroneous.
What little she had heard about religion was
in praise of its forms, and in ignorance of its
spirit. She thus became, according to the
account she gave of herself in after life, a
little Pharisee, formal, and vain, and scornful;
laying claims to much fancied goodness of
heart—ignorant that she needed any change.

But this knowledge was brought to her in
a way that melted her heart, and drew her by
the gentle "cords of love" at once to the
Savior. Amid much that was injurious and
misleading in the instruction she daily re-
ceived, there was one redeeming trait—she
was permitted to read the Bible; it was the
Sunday book. For many years she read it
as a matter of course, and without being im-
pressed with its contents as a message from
God to her. But at length the scales drop-
ped from her eyes. By the teaching of the
Holy Spirit, she saw, understood, and felt
the infinite preciousness of the Gospel. She
received the kingdom of God as a little child,
and became "wise unto salvation through
faith in Christ Jesus."

From the day, the happy day, in which "the
truth as it is in Jesus" beamed upon her un-
derstanding and warmed her heart, she was
lost to the world, and counted all things as
loss, that she might win Christ and be found
in him, living "by the faith of the Son of
God, who," she implicitly believed, "loved &
gave himself for her."

Dear Lucy! she was, indeed, "one in a
thousand;" she was "rich in faith, and an
heir of the kingdom which God has promised
to them that love him." It was, however,
in the early stage of her religious history,
that her note to me was written. Years
afterward I learned to know more of her
character, and, happily, was able to sympa-
thize in her feelings; but at that time I could
but wonder where she had "picked up her
notions."

I may as well continue my sister's history
to its close.
She remained at The Hawes many years,
the comfort and consolation of her father.
She closed her eyes at last, after having wit-
nessed, with such joy as angels feel when
sinners repent and turn to God; his change
from darkness into the marvelous light of the
Gospel which she so highly prized, and which,
with persuasive accents and trembling ear-
nestness, and filial affection and prevailing
prayer, she besought him to embrace.

After this, when strangers trod the floors
of our ancient dwelling, Lucy found a hum-
ble home in another village with Aunt Re-
becca, soothing her path downward to the
tomb, and saw in her, at length, a glimmer-
ing hope that her labor in the Lord was not
in vain. Then, when this duty no longer
detained her, dear Lucy was my companion,
my comfort in sorrow, the share of my joys.
At last her work on earth was done, and she
too was taken home.

THE GRAVE OF ETHAN ALLEN.—About a
mile and a half north-east of the railroad de-
pot in Burlington, upon the brow of the hill
overlooking the lower falls of the Winooski
river, is a little cemetery of one or two acres,
called Green Mount. Here lie the mortal
remains of the fearless mountaineer who cap-
tured Ticonderoga in the name and by the
authority of the "Great Jehovah and the Con-
tinental Congress." His grave is covered by
a plain slab of grey marble, upon which is
the following inscription:

The
Corporal Part
of
GENL. ETHAN ALLEN
rests beneath this stone,
the 12th day of Feb., 1789,
aged 50 years.

His spirit tried the mercies of his God,
In whom he believed, and strongly trusted.
The spot where Allen rests is enclosed by
granite posts and iron chains, shaded thickly
by a vigorous growth of young pines, and
overgrown with spreading bushes of the rose
and shrubs.

Madame JENNY LIND will next season visit
England to give concerts. BENEDICT, the
composer, has gone to see her at Dresden,
and to stand godfather to her son.

The Washington Star says that "Grace
Greenwood," Miss CLARKE, the distinguished
author, is about to be married to L. K. LYN-
NIGHT, Esq., of Philadelphia.

THE PUBLIC REBUKE.

The late lamented Judge Hugh L. White, of
Tennessee, became conspicuous at a very early
period in life, as a jurist and a statesman. He
fixed his permanent home amidst the scenes
of his youthful sports and the companions of
his boyish days. Rarely has a young man,
continuing in his own country and among
his own kindred, so soon attained such li-
beral and political pre-eminence. From his
found reverence for the ordinances of the Gos-
pel. He was a regular attendant at the house
of worship. And while he was a Presbyterian,
that being the Church of his father and the
Church of his choice, he was benevolent and
generous toward other branches of the great
Christian family. He gave to the Methodist
Church at Knoxville, the ground on which
their house of worship was built; and occa-
sionally he would appear in the congregation
and join with them in their worship.

Now, in those days there was a notable pre-
siding elder in that region, called father Axley,
a pious laborer, uncompromising preacher
of the Gospel, who considered it his duty to
rebuke sin whenever it should presume to lift
up its deformed head within the limits of his
district. And while father Axley was a man
of respectful talents, undoubted piety, and
great ministerial fidelity, he had moreover a
spice of humor, oddity, and drollery about him
that rarely failed to impart characteristic
tinge to his performances. The consequence
was, that amusing anecdotes of the sayings
and doings of father Axley abounded through-
out the country.

On a certain day a number of lawyers and
literary men were together in the town of
Knoxville, and the conversation turned on
preachers and preaching. One and another
had expressed his opinion of the performances
of this and that pulpit orator, when at length
Judge White spoke:

"Well, gentlemen, on this subject each man
has, of course, entitled to his own opinion; but
I must confess that father Axley brought me
to a sense of my evil deeds, at least a portion
of them, more effectually than any preacher
I ever heard."

At this, every eye and ear was turned, for
Judge White was never known to speak lightly
on religious subjects, and, moreover, was
habitually cautious and respectful in his re-
marks about religious men. The company
now expressed the most urgent desire that the
Judge should give the particulars, and expecta-
tion stood on tip-toe.

"I went up," said the Judge, "one evening,
to the Methodist church. A sermon was
preached by a clergyman with whom I was
not acquainted, but father Axley was in the
pulpit. At the close of the sermon he arose
and said to the congregation, 'I am not going
to detain you by delivering an exhortation; I
have risen merely to administer a rebuke for
improper conduct, which I have observed here-
to-night.' This course waked up the en-
tire assembly, and the stillness was profound,
while Axley stood and looked for several se-
conds over the congregation. Then stretching
out his large, long arm, and pointing with his
finger steadily in one direction, he said, 'Now,
I calculate that those two young men, who
were talking in that corner of the house, while
the brother was preaching, think that I am
going to talk about them. Well, it is true,
it looks very bad, when well-dressed young
men, who you would suppose, from their ap-
pearance, belonged to some respectable fam-
ily, come to the house of God, and instead of
reverencing the majesty of Him that dwelleth
therein, or attending to the message of his
everlasting love, get together in one corner of
the house—his finger at all times pointing as
steady and straight as the aim of a rifleman—
and there, during the whole solemn service,
keep talking, titling, laughing, and giggling,
thus annoying the minister, disturbing the
congregation, and sinning against God. I'm
sorry for the young men. I'm sorry for their
parents. I'm sorry they have done so to-night.
I hope they will never do so again. But, how-
ever, that's not the thing I was going to talk
about. It is another matter, so important
that I thought it would be wrong to suffer the
congregation to depart without administering
a suitable rebuke.' 'Now,' said he, stretching
out his huge arm, and pointing in another di-
rection, 'perhaps that man who was asleep on
the bench out there, while the brother was
preaching, thinks that I am going to talk
about him. Well, I must confess it looks
very bad for a man to come into a worshipping
assembly, and instead of taking a seat, like
others, and listening to the blessed Gospel,
carelessly stretching himself out on a bench,
and going to sleep. It is not only a proof of
great insensibility with regard to the obliga-
tions which we owe to our Creator and Re-
deemer, but it shows a want of genteel breed-
ing. It shows that the poor man has been
so unfortunate in his bringing up, as not to
have been taught good manners. He don't
know what is polite and respectful in a wor-
shipping assembly, among whom he comes to
mingle. I'm sorry for the poor man. I'm
sorry for the family to which he belongs. I'm
sorry he did not know better. I hope he will
never do so again. But, however, this is not
what I was going to talk about.' Thus father
Axley went on, for some time, 'boxing the
compass,' hitting a number of persons and
things that he was not going to talk about,
and hitting hard, till the attention and curi-
osity of the audience were raised to the high-
est pitch, when finally he remarked:

"The thing of which I was going to talk
was chewing tobacco. Now, I do hope, when
any gentleman comes to church, who can't
keep from using tobacco during the hours of
worship, that he will just take his hat and use
it for a spit-box. You all know we are Meth-
odists. You all know that our custom is to
kneel when we pray. Now any gentleman
may see, in a moment, how exceedingly in-
convenient it must be for a well-dressed
Methodist lady to be compelled to kneel down
in a puddle of tobacco spit."

"Now," said Judge White, "at this time I
had in my mouth an uncommonly large quid
of tobacco. Axley's singular manner and
train of remark strongly arrested my atten-
tion. While he was stirring to the right and

left, hitting those 'things' that he was not
going about, my curiosity was tussled to find
out what he could be aiming at. I was chew-
ing and spitting my large quid with uncon-
scious rapidity, and looking up at the preacher
to catch every word and every gesture—when
at last he pounced upon the tobacco, beheld
there I had a great puddle of tobacco spit! I
quietly slipped the quid out of my mouth, and
dashed it as far as I could under the seats, re-
solved never again to be found chewing to-
bacco in the Methodist church."

WHO WAS THE GENTLEMAN.

"Please, sir, don't push so."
It was in endeavoring to penetrate the dense
crowd that nearly filled the entrance, and
blocked up the doorway after one of our popu-
lar lectures, that this exclamation met my
attention. It proceeded from a little girl of
more than ten years, who hemmed up by the
wall on one side, and the crowd on the other,
was vainly endeavoring to extricate herself.

The person addressed paid no attention to
the entreaties of the little one, but pushed on
towards the door.
"Look here, sir," exclaimed a man whose
coarse apparel, sturdy frame, and toil embrow-
ned hands, contrasted strongly with the deli-
cately gloved fingers, curling locks and ex-
pensive broadcloth of the former. "Look you
here, sir, you're jamming that little gal's
bonnet all to smash, with them elbows' you
have."

"Can't help that," gruffly replied the indi-
vidual thus addressed; "I look to number one."
"You take care of number one, do you?"
"Wal, that's all fair; so do I," replied the
other countryman and with these words he
took the little girl in his arms, and placing
his broad shoulders against the slight form of
the other, he pushed him through the crowd,
down the steps, landing him with rather more
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